

The Comickall Historie of

Gob. His Master and he (saving your worships reverence) are scarce catercosins.

Lann. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iew having done me wrong, doth cause me as my father being I hope an old man shall frutifie unto you.

Gob. I have heere a dish of Doves that I would bestow upon you worship, and my sute is.

Lann. In very briefe, the sute is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Baf. One speake for both, what would you?

Lann. Serve you sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter sir.

Baf. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy sute,

Shylocke thy Master spoke with me this day,

And hath preferd thee, if it bee preferment

To leave a rich Iewes service, to become

The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

Clowne. The old proverb is very well parted between my Master *Shylocke* and you sir, you have the grace of God sir, and hee hath enough.

Baf. Thou speakest it well; goe Father with thy Sonne,

Take leave of thy old Master, and enquire

My lodging out: give him a Livery

More garded then his fellowes: see it done.

Clowne. Father in, I cannot get a service, no, I have nere a tong in my head: well, if any man in *Italy* have a fayrer table which doth offer to sweare upon a booke, I shall have good fortune; go too, heere's a simple lyne of life, heeres a small trifle of wives, alas, fiftene wives is nothing; a leven widdowes and nine maides is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perrill of my life with the edge of a featherbed here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune be a woman she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, He take my leave of the Iew in the twinkling.

Exit Clowne.

Baf. I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this, These things being bought and orderly bestowed, Returne in hast, for I doe feast to night

My

the Merchant of Venice.

My best esteemd acquaintance, hie, thee goe.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein. *Exit Leon.*

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Master? *Leonar.* Yonder sir he walketh.

Grati. Signior *Bassanio.* *Baf.* Gratiano.

Gra. I have a sute to you. *Baf.* You have obtaind it.

Gra. You must not deny me, I must goe with you to

Baf. VVhy then you must, but heare me *Gratiano,*

Thou art to wild, to rude, and bold of voice,

Parts that become thee happily enough,

And in such eyes as ours appeare not faults:

But where thou art not known, why there they show

Something too liberall; pray thee take paine

To allay with some cold drops of modestie

Thy skipping spirit, least through thy wild behaviour

I be misconfired in the place I goe to,

And lose my hope. *Gra.* Signior *Bassanio,* heare me,

If I doe not put on a sober habite,

Talke with respect, and sweare but now and then,

VVeare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,

Nay more, while grace is saying hood mine eyes

Thus with my hat, and sigh and say Amen:

Vse all the observance of civility,

Like one well studied in a sad ostent

To please his Grandam, never trust me more.

Baf. VVell, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I barre to night, you shall not gage me

By what we doe tonight. *Baf.* No, that were pittie,

I would intreat you rather to put on

Your boldest sute of mirth, for we have friends

That purpose merriment: but fare you well,

I have some busines.

Gra. And I must to *Lorenzo* and the rest,

But we will visit you at supper time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iessica and the Clowne.

Ies. I am sorry thou wilt leave my Father so,
Our house is hell, and thou a merry Devill,

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